Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Qu. Ma. When holy *Mary* died, and my ſweet ſonne.
Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well affoord a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholy ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I?

Dut.

Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. If auncient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Du. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kil him:
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpſt to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, til Richard kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let looſe, to chaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely ſmothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,